

# SUB

eccentric video & film

# HUMAN

No. 5

march/april 1987

School Girls in Chains

The Invisible Dead

Regal Video

new video releases

letters & crazy shit

# SUB HUMAN

No. 5

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PRIMITIVE -- UNCENSORED

edited by  
cecil doyle

assistant editor:  
dawn doyle



How Long Can Cugle Keep It Up?



Resistor, Writer and Radiation!  
& LEAVE KASHMIR/INDONESIA, HARD PRODUCTION!

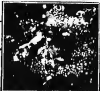
## CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH

Directed by: Robert M. Young - Screenplay by: Robert M. Young  
Produced by: LARRY KRAMER and JAMES HENNING  
Distributed by: MCA/Universal - Copyright © 1986 MCA/Universal



greetings, once again the Louisiana Man here clearing the smoke from yet another mardi gras blowout and bringing you another edition of SUBMARS.....nearly a year ago, when i began this endeavor, it was originally intended to be as inexpensive a size i could master. now with 5 numbers under my belt, i am having to break down to ask new subscribers and renewals to fork out \$) a year (45 outside of U.S. & canada) to help cover printing costs and postage. it's only a fuck more and i promise not to spring another price hike on you for hopefully a very long time. now until you receive one of our official subscription renewal notices, you can rest assured that the next fun-filled edition of SUB will be heading your way in another 8 weeks. i do my best to keep a record of these things but let me know if you feel i've jipped you out of a copy or somethin'. well, i hate to harp on about money so let's

move on to somethin' else.....was thrilled to hear that both john mears and david lynch will begin work on new films this year. it was nice to hear lynch being moderated for an Oscar. it's highly unlikely that he'll wind up with the pointless statuette but a shiver of joy still rushed up my spine to hear it officially announced.....apologies are in order to those of you who experienced deja vu during greg goodell's RUSSIAN OF EVIL review in the last issue. sorry greg, guess it's time for me to practice the art of proofreading.....true gorehounds will enjoy a new cassette distributed by new age marketing. KEEPING PEOPLE ALIVE is a 90-minute collection of about news accident video showing emergency paramedics in action, available for \$20 from new age marketing, 257 ellington park, san francisco Ca. 94103.....all kinds of publications have been coming in to me and so let me give a quick rundown here just in case something you haven't picked up on may have landed on my desk: MURDER CAN BE FUN is a bodacious little size produced by johnny marr. this one breaks away from the typical film & video review format to cover other areas of interest like bridge disasters, true confession magazines, twisted children's rhymes, cool books and odd-ball trivia. a real find at \$1.00 for a two-issue subscription to johnny marr, po box 84011, san francisco Ca. 94109.....considerably less impressive is THE CORPSEY, a newsletter from rod ains that features simple, plot-reciting reviews that are as bland as sand. should more aptly be entitled The Borefoot. might impress a few 15-year olds out there but at \$10 for 8 issues, you'd better sample 'em out first at \$1.50 to a rod ains, 10006 hawkins st., indianapolis, IN 46229.... tim forrester realized he wouldn't have the time to produce a size on a regular basis, so first intended. but to not totally disappoint, he has been slipping copies of a one-time-only deal into quite a few mailboxes. AVE-FILED CHICKENS is a delightful treat and from, at that! perhaps he has a few more to spare. write him at po box 41, bayport NJ 07735. he's a good guy and you'd like writing him anyway.....a decent australian rag, CHICKEN CHICKEN is headed by david molte and features film & video commentary from down under. judging from CHIF5, it appears mr. molte feels obligated to voice negative protests under positive reviews of the likes of andy milligan and shockumentary films, oh well, he's not alone on this stand. a good size, though. mail a couple of bucks to david molte, 286 great north road, abbotsford, 2046 NSW, australia..... now, here i been missing out on somethin' good! jeff smith's MET PAINT is one muck of a publication. some of the best reviews and articles goin' down in these here things are in MET PAINT. killer artwork (from jeff) complements the witty commentary from several faves from the size scene. you're fuckin' up if you let this baby slip by you. \$2.50 to jeff smith, 2124 treasured drive #90, mesaquite TX 75150.....and let me not fail to mention that MODERN THEATRE # 8 is on the way and you don't want to miss this incredible edition featuring interviews with bruno vesale and arthur c. pierce, a tribute to the late susan colot and much more. send a check or money order for \$5.95 to: rogerand f. young, po box 616, bellevue, NY 11510-0129. i don't need to stress how great MODERN THEATRE is to most of you, don't miss out!.....Apix's International, Shock Video Distribution and RE/Search publications held the first incredibly Strange Film Festival in Los Angeles on January 17 & 18. it was an event that featured the films of S.O.L.evis along with the celebrated godfather of gore in attendance. Eric Gilpin was there and will have a detailed report in the upcoming issue of DEADLINE.....cable television has been about a public hair's worth better lately. premium channels have been running such cringe cinema greets lately as EARNED, CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC and MONKEY DIARIES besides the Movie Channel letting Joe Bob Briggs host a Friday night "Drive-In Theatre Double Feature". hey, don't laugh-would you rather watch OUT OF AFKES?..... well, it's time to get on with the rest of this issue, whattaya say?



This issue is dedicated to Andy Warhol for his obvious contributions to eccentric filmmaking.



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## Regal video

by Greg Goodsell



This writer knows nothing about Regal Video, a small independent company with seemingly no ties to a larger corporation. What's important is that they have re-released obscure Seventies horror products to the selective home viewer. Said films appear to be unedited, with gore intact. All are retitled with new advertising art with specious information given on the back cover. Credits are often disposed with entirely, a video enhanced graphic "THE END" slapped over the final moment of action with the soundtrack music grinding to an abrupt halt. Despite these sloppy attempts to disguise the original product, the films are easily recognized by the aficionado.

**Nightmare Circus** is none other than **Born of the Naked Dead** (1972). Exploitation veteran Andrew (Grizzly) Price plays a deranged circus ringleader who kidnaps various nubile motor-ing across the Nevada wasteland. Chaining the girls in his barn, he coerces them into performing sadistic sideshow acts. Especially naughty "untrainable" ones are fed to Price's father, hideously disfigured by A-bomb tests and kept chained in an adjoining shed.

In spite of this high sleaze concept, the most shocking aspect of this tame production is that it was directed by (!) Alan Rudolph. It's precisely the type of horror/exploitation film Rudolph would make: the slim storyline carries references to racism, sexism, i.e., "That honky ringleader has 'un us all chained up like all other men!," male and female roles, power relationships. His directing signature is everywhere apparent, the lazy, sloppy pacing he would ride to fame in the art films he would later make with Robert Altman. (*Trouble in Mind*, *Choose Me*, *Welcome to L.A.*) Rudolph obviously felt the project beneath him as almost all the characters are killed in a final fracas and a wretched Las Vegas-style theme song is tacked on after an atmosphere of "white pick-up horror" has been earnestly strived for.

...continued next page...

They, shown occasionally on TV as *The Invasion of Planet Earth* (1976) is a real find. This is none other than the science-fiction film Joe Buck caught in a Times Square movie flophouse in *Midnight Cowboy*. Filmed entirely in Wisconsin, *They* tells of an invasion from outer space as seen from a handful of survivalists in a log cabin. Words do not do it justice. The grumpy mountain people succumb to malaise and despair as civilization crumbles about them. Imagine Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* as envisioned by Eulie Gibbons and you will only begin to scratch the surface. The invasion as seen from the "city folks" consist of fleeing extras in parking lots as multi-colored smoke bombs billow red haze. TV talk shows discuss paranoid invasion scenarios. Radio stations play the same dance record over and over.

The cabin people sit and argue. Strange voices come over the car radio. Alien "presence" is suggested by a red flashlight and murky, superimposed shots of a dry pond's surface reflecting the sun. The filmmakers go through an entire film music library to score each individual scene, classical music for one part, synthesizer music for the next. The ordinary cliché conclusion with only two of the cabin people surviving for an Adam and Eve type-coupling is both exhilarating and kitschy. Produced by Bill (Great Spider Invasion) Rebar and directed by ITO (?), *They/TIOPE* is as eerie, boring, and true as the static on the radio during an Emergency Broadcasting test. Unmentioned in any reference book, *They* holds special kinship for those who have seen it; the hustlers in Times Square movie flophouses, lunatic fringe UFO slighers, the desperate souls who rent it on video. *Tres, tres* Larry Buchanan.

*The DEVILMASTER* is the infamous Demon Lover (1974), something two University of Michigan students threw together over a weekend. Y'know, it's like that thing about this hippie coven leader who curses all his disciples, whed, like, y'know they get sick and tired of his ego tripping? Y'know, it's the one where they named the characters after various genre heroes like Officer Frazetta, Patty Hooper... The only thing that's just like, y'know a total bummer is that in Regal Video style they've gone and axed the credits so we never do get to find out what Gunnar Hansen looks like without his Leatherface mask.

Typical of that special low-budget mentality of some filmmakers, mainly "it's gotta be 88 minutes long or we can't sell it to the Drive-In!" is when the film ponders the coven leader's (fatty, fatty, 2 x 4 Christmas Robbins) daily routine of Kung Fu classes, barroom brawls, etc. the male coven members become possessed and die from their own hands five minutes from the finale—where have we seen that done before? A Frank Zappa clone gets a crossbow arrow straight through the balls, ouch. Gore is vampire blood smeared indiscriminately over bodies.

Many other Regal Video genre releases exist which this writer has yet to see. While not always consistent in quality, they offer a breath of fresh air to the obscure horror film fan fed up with latter splatter. As two French porno starlets in a Cheech and Chong two-reeler once exclaimed, I say, "Oul, oul! Encore, encore!"

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# letters

I just wanted to congratulate you on your excellent effort in regards to SUBHUMAN #3. As I told you after receiving #1...practice makes perfect. #3 may be short of that perfect mark (what isn't?), but I could surely see you're well on the road to refining SUBHUMAN to a gem of a pamphlet w/g. Your print is a much better quality and your photos are taking a distinguishable visibility that was notably poorer in your first effort. I can see the possibilities of great futures for your SUBHUMAN and for Mark Swerder's VIDEO DRIVE-IN. I am proud to say that I was there to subscribe when each started. I wouldn't hesitate to say that both of you can depend on me being a permanent subscriber. Keep the effort going...I'm looking for great things to happen to SUBHUMAN. Make it happen!

Bill Jones  
Portland, TN.

Am enclosing \$5.00 for the next 5 issues of SUBHUMAN. In my opinion, \$2 is way too cheap. Hell, postage is over half of that. How can you do it? You should charge more. It's well worth it, honest! I recently saw THE LONG-WHITE MURKERS (reviewed in #3). I knew it wasn't the real title when I saw their cardboard title insert. (That's another thing I hate, how they change titles of horror films and you always get fooled...waste your money) To me, the movie starts off slow but by the time they get to the party, it has picked up and it does get pretty sick. One thing, though, Troy Donohue looks awfully like Henry, and to me, that's a little eerie. Anyway, continued success with the vine. Hope you'll be around for awhile. Best.

Robert Soderberg  
San Valley, CA.

If you're in the mood for something different, I recommend checking out an old science fiction chestnut, CREATION OF THE MONMONIES (1962), re-released on Monterey Home Video/Midnight Madness. Andy Warhol's favorite film, it touches on subjects such as racism, automation, atom bomb paranoia in an original and witty manner. The art direction alone is dead on pre-Star Trek futuristics. It has been hailed by diverse factions such as the science fiction film festivals, along with SOLARIS, BRAZIL, TESTAMENT, etc. Funny you should mention the curtains in BLUE VELVET. Those things disturbed the hell out of me! Shifting in, shifting out, in focus, out of focus....it made my flesh crawl. People laugh, point, yawn and stretch at the climax of George Romero's/Ten Savarin's cannibal holocaust DAY OF THE DEAD. Lynch shows a following the velvet curtain breathing in, breathing out, in focus, out of focus....people squint, twitch, feel queasy, become anxious, wanting to leave but compelled to watch.

Dreg Goodsell  
Bakersfield, Ca.

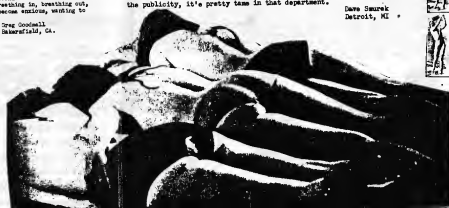
# SUBHUMAN

Was pleasantly surprised to receive SUBHUMAN #4.... Kris Gilpin's review of MONDO TOPLESS was entertainingly written but I'd outgrown breast fetishism by my late teens and probably would have found an hour of boobie boring even in my early teens. I did catch MESSIAN OF EVIL on video while back though, and agree with Goodsell that it's a fascinating film. Greg also writes well, so try to keep him around.

Another one that I saw not long ago was DEAD END DRIVE-IN. I'll stop short of "raving" about it but if you can rent it at reasonable rates, it's recommended. Other videos I've seen lately: as you know, I'm not a true blue Bodeholic, but A SCREAM IN THE STREETS and I DRINK YOUR BLOOD were just the sort of ultra-geeky "Good-Bad flicks" (as opposed to just plain bad) that temporarily converted me. A less interesting form of stupidity was on display in both TOKIE ZOMBIES (better known at theatres as THE BLOODEATERS and FOREST OF FEAR) and THE PSYCHOPATH (80, not the '66 of that title but the '73 indie about a TV kiddie show host, out to avenge the cases of suspected child abuse). The latter has script potential but the execution is sufficiently inept and the acting comes off so much as performed in a hangover, that there's not much to it. Cronenberg's RABID is now one of my all-time favorites and I'll also recommend Alfred Noble's TAWA'S ISLAND (if you fast-forward it past the arsty fartay and not very good first fifteen minutes), DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS (if you can find a print with better picture and sound quality than mine) and a "killer Santa" job called both CHRISTMAS EVIL and TERROR IN TOILET, depending on label. The almost constant background music (was this present in the original or a re-dub job by asshole video distributors?) with it's annoying habit of drowning out the dialog, made Milligan's BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHERS a disappointment. And considering that it was from Larry Cohen, IT LIVES AGAIN was disappointing, as well. HOUSE OF WHIPCORD is, uh, passable for what it is, but were I part of the S&M crowd, I'd probably feel ripped off as despite the publicity, it's pretty tame in that department.

Dave Saurak  
Detroit, MI

I'm still waiting on you guys to mail in your views on the film, BLUE VELVET. let fellow SUB readers hear what YOU think of what this editor believes to be the greatest film of the 80's. mail to: BV FORUM, 1509 W. Saint Mary Blvd., Lafayette, LA 70506



# THE TOXIC AVENGER

HE'S THE SUPER-VIOLENT SUPER-HERO!

review by  
Jeff Smith

## WARNING:

This is the most graphically  
Violent "Action" Film  
ever produced.



Who is the Toxic Avenger? What is the Toxic Avenger? Who knows? Certainly not Westrialist moviegoers, who would have needed a pack of bloodhounds and Sherlock Holmes to track down this obscure little ditty. Certainly not the FMC, who would've soiled their collective panties over the stomach-churning gross this flick features.

TOXIC AVENGER, recently released on videotape, is a film that challenges taboos; it not only does, but consciously strives to step over boundaries that few films have crossed before: a young boy, riding his bicycle after dark, is hit by a band of maniacal teenagers who run over his head, on-camera, squishing it like the proverbial ripe melon. Then they get out to take pictures of the kid's flattened noggin. Later, a blind girl's seeing-eye dog is blasted with a shotgun, and the camera lingers as blood and guts pulse from the wound. AVENGER also features eye gouging, guts fondling, french-fried fingers and a host of other violent acts to make the most jaded horror fan sit up and take notice.

Oh, did I forget to mention it? TOXIC AVENGER is a comedy. It's all about a nerd named Melvin who falls into a vat of bubbly green toxic waste, which transforms him into an incredible bulk of a creature that rights the wrongs of the world in an exceptionally gory fashion. Some of the comedy is juvenile and obvious but there's also a lot that's clever and quite funny. But for the most part, TOXIC AVENGER is an endurance test: can you sit through animal mutilation, grenade-beating and kid squashing? (Id. - sounds like an ill omen comedy to me) TOXIC AVENGER boldly explores new avenues of bad taste but if it has any useful purpose at all, it is as a reflection of just how much it takes to truly shock us these days. Unlike another bizarre superhero, Howard the Duck, we may all find ourselves trapped in a world we did make and there's no place else to go, kiddies. What a pincer.



TOXIC AVENGER



# School Girls in Chains

by  
kris gilpin

This film is an  
out — in the  
"class" and deli-  
cious and for  
children. No  
children's tickets  
will be sold.

The  
MAGNET

COME PLAY WITH US

**School Girls in Chains** (Great title) is the story of two brothers, Frank (Gary Kent, who was the guy in the watertower in **Targets**) and his retarded sibling Johnny, and their mother, who keeps her face hidden with a shawl (hmmm). Johnny's into kidnapping young girls and keeping them chained up downstairs while he plays doctor with a stethoscope on their breasts; sometimes he'll bring them upstairs for a game of leap frog or hide and go seek. Much of the dialogue is low and/or whispered, and the soundtrack offers disappointed Muzak (such as "Three Blind Mice" (!)) and the song "Run, Run, Run!" during a foot chase (which includes a rip-off of the almost-made-it-to-the-highway scene from **Last House on the Left**). Meanwhile, Mom gets Kent to feel her breast (she looks as old/young as he), and tells his fiancée of their incestuous lifestyle. Actually, the acting here is not as amateurish as usual, and Johnny's last victim is really cute; the filmmakers tried for something a bit different from the norm and didn't quite achieve their goals. The ending is predictable and dragged out, as this **Psycho** rip really isn't worth the price of a rental. (Tape also has previews to the shitters **Sweater Girls** (another great title) (with Charlene Tilton!) and **Savage Fury**.





# The Invisible Dead

reviewed by  
dave szurek



THE INVISIBLE DEAD (French-Spanish 1964 stars Howard Vernon, Fernand Sanchez, Brigitte Carve, Eugene Gerthier, Isabel Del Rio and Francis Villalinda. Video--Wizard/Lightning). Also known somewhere in this world as DR. DRIOFF and the INVISIBLE MAN.

The credits of this laugh riot list "Pierre Chevalier" as director. Pretty neat gag on those unaware that Chevalier is one of Jean Franco's several pseudonyms and that in fact, the whole obscure, meandering, somewhat disjointed Dr.Drloff series (Dr Drloff is a guy who chronically uses his scientific knowledge for "evil" purposes...he's usually played by Howard Vernon and always has the same test tube but he's not always doing the same thing, after the same goal or surrounded by the same people...the character has usually been pretty cardboard, so he could be any old grade-2 med doctor and the compulsion to maintain a shroud of continuity is pointless. Some "Drloff" movies have been shown in the U.S., usually under titles that don't even mention his name, and some haven't) is the unenviable brainchild of good ol' Jean. This isn't the boring Jean Franco we've come to know and loathe, though. THE INVISIBLE DEAD is campy and droll, a "Good-Bad Film" rather like Andy Milligan with uneven dubbing--some of it surprisingly acceptable, even good, some of it about what you'd pessimistically expect.

The first five minutes, chronicling the local physician's journey through the forest to Drloff's castle is surprisingly atmospheric. Once he reaches the place though, it starts to look like Abbott and Costello. It turns out that he has not, as he'd been led to believe, been summoned to care for an ill Drloff, but by the lady of the house who wishes him to intercede in the doctor's proposed creation of an invisible monster. (Why invisible? Who knows or even cares?) It's too late, though. The monster (which in one frame is rendered visible and appears to be an "ape man" sort) has already been created, as evidenced by objects moving about with no visible means of support. It looks as if Drloff just wanted a free butler for awhile until he chooses to subject the physician to a long story about his wife's infidelity. This gives Franco an opportunity to expand a twenty minute script to almost an hour and a half, to show some very mild T&A and to appeal to the S&M fringe in the crowd with a scene of the woman being physically disciplined. Coming back to the present, Drloff dispatches the invisible monster to "punish" a servant girl's rape, announces his plans to use the creature to conquer the world (how? Well, that's one of those things we're not supposed to think about) and the physician swings into heroics so brief that they haven't been since the 50's.

THE INVISIBLE DEAD is a hard picture to rate. Art, it ain't, but certainly reminds us that a guy named Eddie Wood once lived.

## TRUE POEM

by Kris Gilpin  
If you  
sneeze,  
belch  
and  
fart  
at the same  
time,  
you will blow  
up.



## DEATH 'POEM

by Kris Gilpin  
We must  
KILL:  
murderers,  
muggers,  
rapists,  
child molesters,  
intruders  
and  
drunk drivers  
to be a civilized  
society.  
(I mean it.)





Not dead! Check out this here list of new videocassettes floatin' round in rental shops, grocery stores and gas stations all over this great land of ours. Lightning Video has issued both rated and unrated versions of the much talked about **TUKE AVENGER**....While I'm mentioning Lightning, they are also offering **ROCK HOLocaust** rumors being reduced to mere slaves (wait a minute! it's happening to us already!) and **WOMEN IN FURY**, an action packed foreign caged chick extravaganza that involves a chase thru (where else?) the Amazon Jungle....Donald Farmer's **DEMON QUEST** has been released by All American, it follows the very bloody escapades of Linda; an ice cold, flash-munching babe from hell....Speaking of blood, the original classic version of Roger Corman's **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** has been released once again. This time by Vestron and is original form or that new colorized shit....Kine World Video rushes out **REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS**, one of last year's great entries in



this surviving film genre. This movie is as well put together as it's coat of kingly-clad dolls (I'm reviewed in SUB!).....Rhine keeps churnin' out the shit I want see. Two of their new arrivals include **THE VICE TREASURES-VOL.3**, featuring video flashbacks like "Racket Squad", "Hollywood Offbeat" and a Bole August interview. Also - Vol.3 of **SATURDAY NIGHT SIZZLES**, this time featuring "Hotel Confidential" and "Office Love-In"....New from United is Arthur C. Pierce's offbeat **LAD WOMEN HILLSVILLE** starring Ferlie Husky, Maude Van Doren and Joyce Mansfield. If ludicrous country/western musicals featuring lowbrow blonde bombshells are up your alley, check out this muddle....A crazy secret agent type fights snakes of equivocal' quile in **ALIEN WOMEN** on Prime Video....More Prime action in the form of **COMBAT SHOCK**, a Rambish Vietnam vet comes home to rid a section of Marhatten of detestable scum.... Super Vid to the rescue with a fave. It's Al Adamson's **WOMEN OF THE BLOOD MOUNTAINS**, an oddity featuring cheap sci-fi sets, John Carredine, filler footage tinted various colors and derived from a Filipino screen film. Speeding narration (uncredited) from Brother Theodores....Media offers the tremendously disappointing **TEXAS CHINESE MASSACRE-PART 2** along with rereleasing the original classic film on tape....Silvermine unleashes three volumes of a series called **THE WORST OF HOLLYWOOD**(obvious fat cash-in here) offering David Epper's "Maslin", "Protect Your Daughter", a couple of Erich Von Stroheim vehicles and a thing entitled "Protection" featuring the screen debut of Betty Grable as a teen-queer-wrong....Excellent copies of a couple of Ray Bernds Steadler classics are available via Camp Video. Folkin' bout **THE THRILL KILLERS** along with his masterwork, **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES**....Finally, many are awaiting the day for Vid unleashes Greenberg's **THE FLY** (not personally) and Vestron should strike gold with Stuart Gordon's latest hit, **PAIN BEYOND**. Both will be in stores soon along with Videark's leeching John Russo's **MIDNIGHT**....Well, I can see that another lame of Subhuman is reaching it's end. Until we meet again in May, let a few more cassettes burn a hole deeper thru your soul.



**!!NEXT TIME!!**  
SUBhuman begins it's second year with #6 featuring a close-up on Big Bucks Burnett, curator of Dallas'own Museum Of Bad Art and head of the Mr.Ed Fan Club; Blue Velvet Forum (hopefully) and of course, reviews and news from the world of eccentric video & film



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